

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Ninepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 6th February, 1965

This week in your
Bigger CN...

CN SPECIAL ENQUIRY

Take a trip aboard
the Queen Mary!

TWO SERIALS

Lone Seal Pup

Okolo, Boy of Nigeria

NEWS FROM THE ZOO

SCIENCE SURVEY

POP SPOT

PLUS

Other regular features,
news, sport etc.

GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH?

IRELAND has been legally divided into two countries for many years. Hopes of re-uniting them peacefully were revived the other day when the two Prime Ministers, Mr. Sean Lemass of the Irish Republic, and Captain Terence O'Neill of Northern Ireland, met in Belfast.

The two Irelands are:

EIRE, as "southern" Ireland was previously called, which finally left the Commonwealth in 1949 to become the independent Republic of Ireland:

NORTHERN IRELAND, made up of the six north-eastern counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone. These remained part of the United Kingdom, but

By Our
Special Correspondent

Northern Ireland runs her own domestic affairs through her own Parliament.

A strange by-product of this partition is that, in her relations with Britain, the Republic is not regarded as a foreign country; nor are her citizens foreigners. And she still enjoys a give-and-take (preferential duties) in Commonwealth trade.

The Border splits three million Irish of the 26 southern counties from the 1½ million Irish of the north. Yet, despite isolated acts of violence (some as recently as at the time of Princess Margaret's private visit to the Republic) there is co-operation between the two in trade and power supplies.

These could be developed after the Belfast talks, though friends of Ireland fear that a reunion of the two parts of the country is still a long way off.

See also page 2



WELL- DRESSED DOGS!

The St. Moritz Courier, Switzerland, says dogs must be properly dressed for winter sports—the poodle pictured here obviously agrees! This smart little chap lives in Stockholm, capital of Sweden, where he finds sport far from fun when winter grips the city—unless he is suitably dressed in a warm jumper and big floppy hat

READERS' LETTERS

TEACHING THE WRONG THING?

Dear Sir,—It seems to me that teachers of Religious Instruction are teaching the wrong thing in their classes. They are not explaining the Bible properly, for one thing. They are just telling you the stories without explaining their meaning.

I think that too many children are not sufficiently grounded in their faith, its beliefs, ideas, and why it exists.

The teachers should also encourage questions, and explain each religious sect's different views, and why they hold them. This basic knowledge is taught in Sunday-schools and Confirmation classes, but this is not sufficient, as not enough people go to them. People attend services and Sacraments, but mainly they do not even bother to try to understand them.

What do other readers think? I would like to know.

Marion E. Dewberry (12), Sketty, Swansea, Glamorgan.



Marion Dewberry

FOUND IT HARD

Dear Sir,—I am writing to congratulate you on your most full and good account of the play *Macbeth*.

I have to read the play for the usual terminal examination in school. I found it hard, but with the help of C N, I now understand it.

Angela Williams (15), Newport, Monmouthshire.

WONDERING...

Dear Sir,—I have just started a collection of postmarks on letters, etc. I was wondering if other readers would write to me as I hope to collect postmarks from every county in England.

James Warren, 71 Burma Road, RAF Faldingworth, Market Rasen, Lincoln.

ANCIENT ROME MISTAKE

Dear Sir,—In L. M. Frewer's article on "New Year" (issue dated 2nd January), it was stated that in "some more remote parts of Scotland the New Year is celebrated on 12th January . . . but we do not know why."

In 46 B.C. Caesar organised the Roman calendar, reckoning the year to be 365 days 6 hours. But there was an error. The year was really 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes

46 seconds. The mistake mounted up during the centuries, and in 1582 the new calendar was made by Pope Gregory. Britain did not use it until 1751, by which time the difference was twelve days.

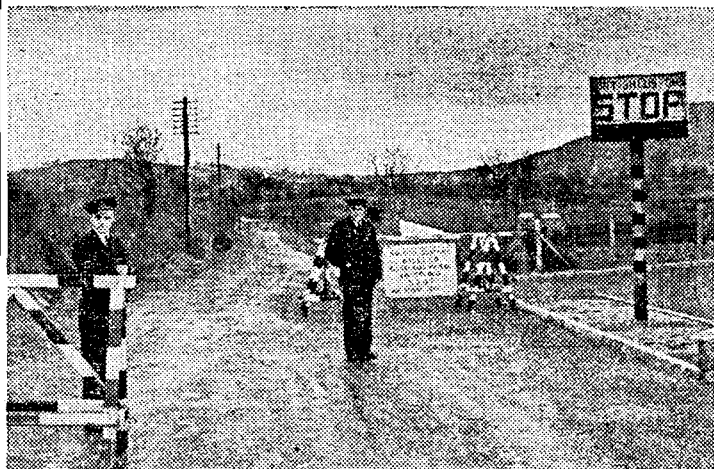
Nowadays, 13th January is still reckoned as New Year's Day, old style, in some of the Shetlands, mainly by the older folk.

John Jamieson, Papa Stour, Shetland.

It seems to me...

TWO IRELANDS OR ONE?

Here is a picture of something you might well see if you take a touring holiday in Ireland this year—as thousands of wise people do.



It shows a frontier post on the border (a line on the map) between Eire, the Republic of Ireland, and Northern Ireland, which is still officially part of the United Kingdom.

The political side of all this is discussed, this week, on page one.

It is well known, of course, that you cannot see the frontier between one country and another from an aircraft. All you can see below you is the Earth on which man lives. And from that point of view, you cannot imagine why this not very large island called Eire, or Ireland, should be divided in two.

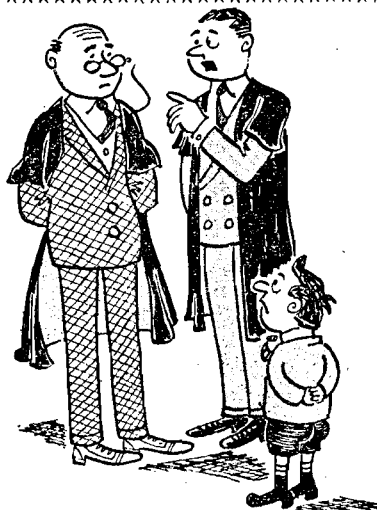
Let us hope that the old fears, suspicions, and prejudices which have divided the two parts of this beautiful land may soon be smoothed away.

The Editor

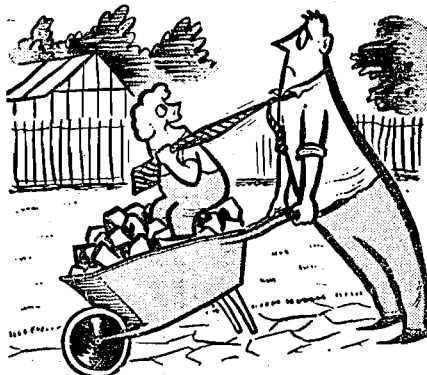
LAUGH TIME



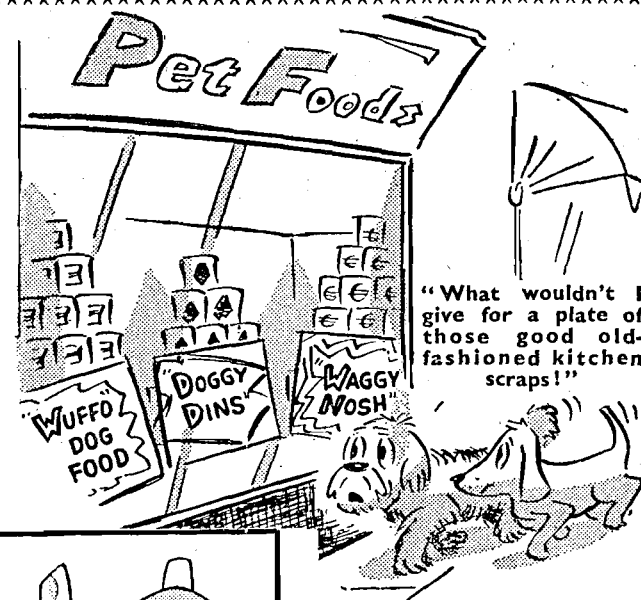
"Now stop following me—I'm not your mother"



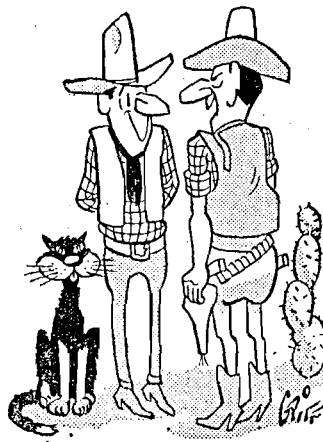
"I asked him why that period was called the Dark Ages, and he said it was knight time"



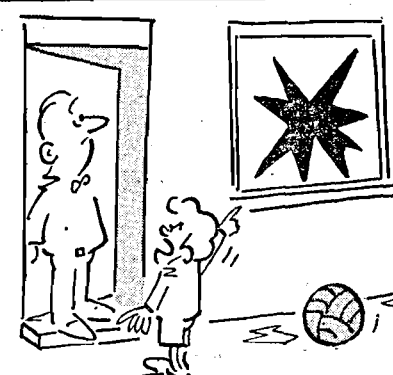
"I'm going to help you, Dad. You push and I'll pull"



"What wouldn't I give for a plate of those good old-fashioned kitchen scraps!"



"I said round up the biggest POSSE you could find!"



"Your window hit my ball"

IN BRITAIN NOW



MR. GWYNDAF JONES IS OFF TO PATAGONIA

IN CN issue dated 16th January there was an article about the Welsh community which is to celebrate 100 years of settlement in Patagonia, on the southern tip of South America. Now comes news that a party of Welsh people will be making the long journey there to join in the celebrations.

In the party will be Mr. Robin Gwyndaf Jones, who is on the staff of the Oral Traditions and Dialects Department at the Welsh Folk Museum in Cardiff. To enable him to go, he has been

awarded a £300 grant, given anonymously to the National Eisteddfod Council.

The money was given to the Council on the understanding that it would go to the young man or woman who was considered to have contributed most to the Eisteddfod of Wales, and who would be most likely to make the greatest contribution to the activities of the delegation to South America. Mr. Jones, who is 23, met all the requirements, and will set off with the Welsh party on the 8,000-mile trip in October.

EAST ANGLIA IS SAVING UP

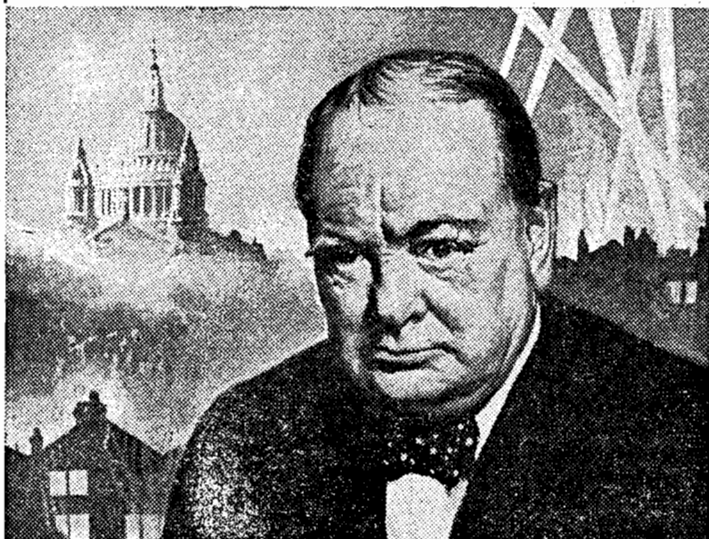
It appears that young savers had a lot to do with the £10,000,000 rise in the East Anglian Trustee Savings Bank deposits in the past year.

Sir Richard Barrett-Lennard, chairman of the bank, said:

"Not all young people have

strange clothes and untidy hair. On any Saturday morning you will find young people opening new accounts. The young are accused of having too much money or of spending it unwisely. They do not deserve this criticism, and many realise the value of money and are saving it."

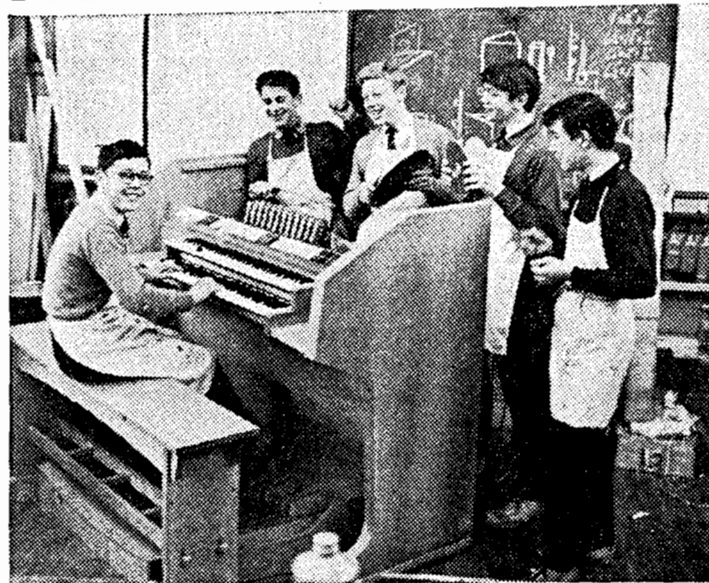
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL



This great Englishman, who died on the morning of Sunday, 24th January, lay in State for three days at Westminster Hall before his funeral service in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday, 30th January. Following the funeral, Sir Winston made his last journey to the little country churchyard of St. Martin's at Bladon, Oxfordshire, a short distance from Blenheim Palace, home of his ancestors and scene of his birth in 1874.

CN is pleased and honoured to have published a special issue (dated 28th November) on the occasion of Sir Winston's 90th birthday. The picture which appeared on the front page of that issue is reproduced above.

BUILDING THEIR OWN ORGAN



These five boys of Castleford Boys' Secondary School, Yorkshire, have got something to smile about, for they have just finished building this super electric organ. Valued at £1,200, the organ took three years to make.

BUSINESSMAN JOHN

Sixteen-year-old John Richardson manages his father's sweet shop in the County Durham mining village of Shiney Row. His mother says that since he took over the shop he "has doubled the turnover and has done a lot of work putting in new fittings."

Running a shop is not, however, the only business sense John shows; he invests his savings in stocks and shares, and hopes eventually to own a chain of shops.

HE CAPTURED CHURCHILL

During 1899, in the Boer War days of his war correspondent career, Sir Winston Churchill was captured by a commando unit at Estcourt, Natal. In the December of that year he escaped and returned to England.

Now, 65 years later, there is sad news from South Africa of a former member of that unit of commandos. By strange coincidence, Mr. Jaap Botha (83) was struck down at the same time as Sir Winston. He too suffered from a complaint similar to that which brought about the death of Sir Winston.

40 YEARS AGO

(From CN issue dated 7th February, 1925)

A traveller in the Lake District who found himself stranded owing to a mishap at 5.45 one morning went to an hotel and rang the bell.

No-one opened the door, and, though he rang again and again, he was unable to gain admission for over an hour, while he stood in the cold and rain.

He brought an action against the hotel keeper because he wished to show that innkeepers have a duty to the travelling public which they are legally bound to carry out, and the judge, agreeing with him, awarded him £50 damages.

(There is nothing in this report to suggest that a court of law today would be persuaded to come to any different decision. Editor)

From a CN Reader

UP IN THE SHETLANDS

IN the Shetland Isles, between Scotland and Norway and 184 miles north of Aberdeen, they speak a language more like Norwegian than English. For Norway owned this group of islands for 600 years, until 1468.

You get to Shetland either by the twice-weekly boat from Aberdeen to Lerwick, the capital, or by a daily air service.

Lerwick is on the largest island, called Mainland, and has about 6,000 inhabitants. The harbour front is the most attractive feature, with its cobbled roadway, boxes of fish, and fascinating shops for seamen.

No Trees

A first view of Shetland shows that it has no trees. The wind is too strong for them and the soil too acid. But the coastal hills are green and sweep gently down to a deep blue sea with inlets, called voes, which are rather like Norwegian fiords.

The three industries are fishing, farming, and knitting. Sturdy little fishing boats set off on a Monday morning, to return on Friday loaded with herrings, or with the money they have got for their fish in Aberdeen, where the best prices are to be obtained.

High Winds

Farming is no easy matter, for the soil is often only a few inches deep over the underlying rock, torrential rain may ruin a harvest, and the wind whips small plants out of the ground or strips off the leaves.

So Shetland farmers are often fishermen, too; and many of the crofts, or small farms, have to rely on knitting as well.

Shetland knitwear is sent to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where it fetches good prices.

But there is no Sunday work, even at harvest time. The Shetland islanders are very strict about that.

IAN BRADLEY

The SEVENTH CHILDREN'S LITERARY COMPETITION

organised by the Daily Mirror

Entries from now until 5th March, 1965

For full details of entry and awards send stamped, addressed envelope to:

Children's Literary Competition,
Leaflet F,
Daily Mirror, Holborn Circus,
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Advisory Panel: Sir Herbert Read
Michael Baldwin Leonard Clark
Ted Hughes Laurie Lee Marjorie L. Houd
Kathleen Raine

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Herbert Read.

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HAVING A TALK WITH A DOLPHIN

An American scientist claims that the dolphin is the best mimic of the human voice; certainly far better than parrots and mynah birds.

Writing in the weekly journal, *Science*, Dr. John Lilly, of the Communications Research Institute of Miami, says that, in a series of lessons, a dolphin was trained to respond to the human voice with sounds of its own. During one "conversation," which lasted eight minutes, the dolphin's imitation of human speech was 92 per cent. correct.

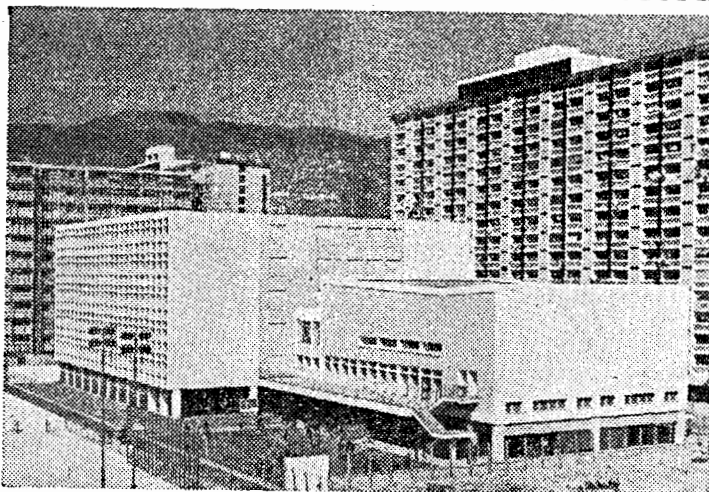
Dr. Lilly added that much of the success is due to the fact that the dolphin has the largest brain of all the animals.

SAVING THE IBIS IN AUSTRALIA

Thousands of young ibises are threatened because of falling water levels in the Australian States of New South Wales and Victoria.

One of the best breeding grounds for the ibis is in an area of northern Victoria; but, following the floods of last October, the water level in the swamps has been falling steadily. While the birds are stimulated into breeding by natural or artificial floods, they dislike falling water, which causes

MODERN SCHOOLS IN HONG KONG



Big new buildings are being erected at rapid speed in Hong Kong. This multi-story school at Tsuen Wan, near theseaport of Kowloon, is typical of other modern schools in this British Colony

NEW THOUGHTS ON THE OTTER

In many European countries the otter has long been regarded by anglers as an enemy, and has been hunted down. But as the otters disappeared, so did the fish.

Scientists have now found that, far from taking only robust fish, the otter chose mostly the sick or weak; when there were no otters to do this, disease spread rapidly among the fish and there was a marked fall in their numbers.

With this knowledge, Switzerland has now taken the otter from the list of harmful animals and has given it protection.

PACKING A FOREST IN PLASTIC BAGS

Millions of forestry plants will be saved each year through a new method of storing them in plastic bags during the winter. It is the idea of Professor Eric Stefansson, a chief forester in Sweden.

Three-year-old plants are picked in the autumn, then sorted and bundled until Christmas. They are then placed in plastic bags and stored underground in very low temperatures. The winter over, the plants are sent away to the forests in which they are to be planted.

ICE SKATES OF BONE

Ice skates thought to be 14,000 or 15,000 years old have been found in the Kazakhstan republic of the USSR.

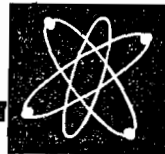
Believed to be the oldest in the world, they are made from a horse's shinbone and are similar in shape to modern ice skates.

FLOOD FIND

Floods in the Kerak district of south Jordan washed away sand to a depth of six feet, to reveal a Roman tomb cut out of rock.

SCIENCE SURVEY

by CN correspondent
Derek Royston Booth



TEETH CAN BE TROUBLESOME

OUR milk teeth can cause us a great deal of pain and discomfort when they first push up through our gums while we are babies. And as if this is not bad enough, when we are six or seven we have to suffer the indignity of them all dropping out again, one by one!

And then, when we finally get our permanent teeth, despite brushing and frequent checks with our dentist, the chances are that at some time we shall suffer from tooth troubles again. Although our teeth are made from the hardest substance in our bodies, a full natural set rarely remains intact for a whole life-time.

Too Many Sweets

During a recent survey, it was found that half the people in their sixties had no teeth of their own at all, and a substantial number of all ages had teeth damaged by cavities or disturbed by disease of the surrounding gums.

Of course part of the trouble is that we eat too many sweet things.

When the people of Tristan da Cunha were brought to this country in 1961, after a volcanic eruption had made their island uninhabitable, every one of them was found to have perfect teeth.

This was because, at home, their diet contained no sugar.

In Europe and America, where toothache is common, a great deal of research is being carried out into tooth health. An American micro-biologist has isolated a germ which, he believes, causes and transmits tooth decay. If this research is successful, toothache

may become a thing of the past. A tablet or injection may ensure that our teeth remain healthy.

A powerful light beam known as "laser" is also being used to fight tooth decay. It has been discovered that tooth enamel can be strengthened wherever it is weak by exposure to a laser, which seems to glaze over the weak spot. It has also been used in experiments where a cavity is drilled out painlessly in a fraction of a second, and then powdered enamel is fused to repair the hole.

Our teeth also collect tartar,

that horrid substance which works its way down between the tooth and the gum, loosening the tooth and resulting in pockets which become a breeding ground for infection. Tartar is removed easily and painlessly by dentists, but scientists think that, if it could be prevented in the first place, our teeth would stay with us much longer.

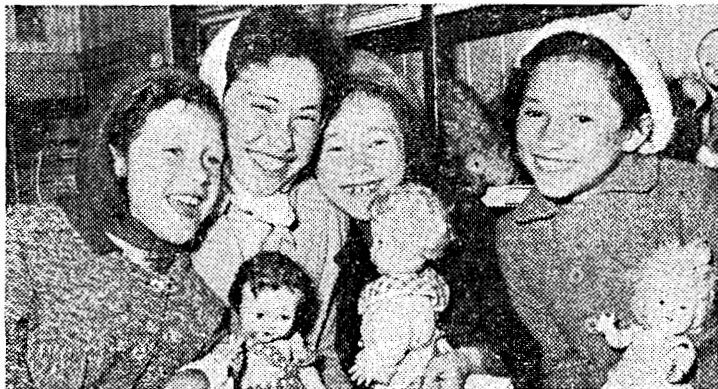
This leads them to further research on the chemical composition of our saliva, which differs from person to person, and which, it is thought, may even change if we are worried.

As an aid to better teeth, the addition of fluoride to toothpaste and drinking water is being recommended, but medical and dental opinion is not entirely behind this.

Perhaps with all the research that is going on, science will find a way of improving our dental health, in addition to any benefits gained by fluoridation of water supplies.

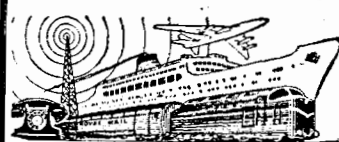
MODEL CLYDE

The Clyde Navigation Trust is to build a 350-foot model of the river to study the effects of proposed improvement schemes.



These children, like the rest of the people from Tristan da Cunha, have perfect teeth.

BRIEFLY ...



A 40-ton locomotive is to be put in a park playground in Cardiff.

Sweet Pounds

A Norfolk farm labourer is to receive £900 for finding an Iron Age ornament in a sugar-beet field.

Wall paintings discovered at Escoural, Portugal, last summer, have now been classified as between 15,000 and 20,000 years old.

Australian Anniversary

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's tour of Australia (13th March-26th April) will include a ceremony to mark the 50th anniversary of the Anzac landings at Gallipoli, Turkey, during the First World War.

Natural gas found under the Derbyshire village of Calow is now being fed into the local supply.

Mayor's Plate

The nameplate from the locomotive City of Nottingham has been presented to Alderman Sydney Hill, Lord Mayor of Nottingham, himself an engine driver for 20 years.

New Paper

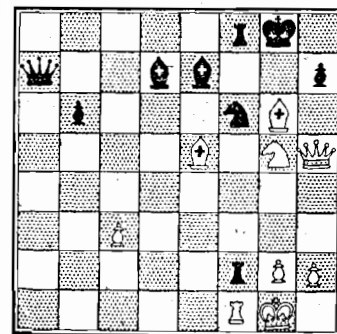
A new weekly paper, *Magnet News*, to be produced for the 800,000 coloured immigrants in Britain, is due to begin publication next Tuesday.

The lifeboat station at Poole, Dorset, has just celebrated its centenary.

CN CHESS CLUB

AT an important chess meeting I attended recently I heard the exciting news that the British Chess Federation is to sponsor a training scheme for promising junior players.

This will mean that between six and twelve juniors will receive personal tuition from our country's top players. The chief coach will be Mr. R. G. Wade, the International Master who gives so much of his time and energy to help junior chess.



In this week's problem, white does not play the tempting R x R as it loses, but makes a very strong move. Can you find it?

Answer on page 16 T. MARSDEN

The Children's Newspaper, 6th February, 1965

CN

TRUE-LIFE
SERIAL

1. Bush-boy

OKOLO sat alone among the roots of his favourite iroko tree. His friends, Nzekwu and Achebe, had asked him to go with them, but Okolo had refused. He wanted to think about things; about how he enjoyed living in Onitsha where there was always plenty of work to do when he wasn't in school—like starting the early morning fires in the open kitchen by blowing on a bright coal; or sweeping the yard clean; and, during the yam season, working with his father, tying the yams on to a bamboo frame so that they would keep for many months.

He also liked to think of the evenings he spent studying by the light of a palm oil lamp, wondering whether he would become a teacher one day.

Okolo thought, too, of how his dream of going to school had come true, a dream that had started when he was a six-year-old and his mother, Azuka, had taken him to Ibagwa market.

That was the first time Okolo had left the forest village where he had been born. He remembered the encounter with the driver of the first car he ever saw, and how, because of it, he had gone to school...

They had been returning home when the car pulled alongside: "Is this the road to Idah, please?" the driver had asked.

But neither Okolo nor his mother spoke English. And the driver did not understand their Ibo language, so he drove on.

As Okolo watched, he saw four boys step out of the forest on to the road ahead and the car stopped again. Okolo could clearly see what was happening. Instantly the boys nodded their heads and pointed down the road, and the car drove off quickly.

Within a minute Okolo and Azuka reached the boys, who were eagerly talking in Ibo. One of the boys told Okolo the man was a doctor from the new hospital in Ibadan.

"He studied medicine in America," the boy added. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to go there?"

Okolo did not answer. He had never heard of a hospital. He didn't know where Ibadan was, and America meant nothing to him.

"Say something," the boy demanded, looking angrily at Okolo. "He can't even under-

OKOLO, boy of Nigeria

Story
and
pictures
by
PETER
BUCKLEY



stand Ibo," the boy continued, turning to his friends. "He's stupid."

Azuka had walked on down the road, and Okolo faced the boys alone. He wanted to speak, but he was afraid. All four boys wore clothes—shirts and shorts. Okolo stood naked. His father was not poor; he was a good farmer and could have bought clothes for Okolo, but none of the children in his village ever wore them.

Okolo felt afraid, because the boys were dressed, and spoke English, and knew so much.

"CAN'T you talk, bush-boy?" one of the boys shouted at him.

He knew "bush-boy" was an insult. He didn't know what it meant, but he would have fought the boy and his three friends if his mother had not been near by. She hated to see anyone fight.

"He hasn't got a tongue. He is no good," said another of the boys, and they all laughed at Okolo. "Can't you see what he is? He doesn't even wear clothes. Come on, let's get the bus back to Nsukka."

And they turned away, still laughing.

Okolo ran to his mother. He asked her where Ibadan was, but she did not know. He asked her what a hospital was. She did not know. He asked her what America was. She did not know.

Then he asked her where Nsukka was, and she said, "A day's walk from here."

"WHY can those boys speak English?" Okolo asked. "Because they go to school," Azuka answered.

Okolo stopped by the edge of the road and thought. Then he asked, "Can I go to school?"

"I don't know," Azuka replied. "You must ask your father. He will speak to the older men of the village about it, and they will ask our chief for advice."

"Will you tell him I want to go?" Okolo asked quickly. "Will you say you want me to go?"

"Yes, I will," Azuka said. "But we must hurry now. It is almost dark."

Once home, Okolo told his father everything that had happened during the day, and finished by saying he wanted to go to school. Then he asked why the boys had called him "bush-boy," and why they had laughed at him.

"They laughed," his father said slowly, and Okolo could see he was very angry, "because they think they are better than you. They called you 'bush-boy' because that is their way of telling you that you are no good."

"Why am I no good?" Okolo asked, looking up at his father.

For an instant Okolo thought his father would hit him, his eyes became so terrible. Onuora Edeogu raised his arms and opened his mouth, but he did not speak or yell. Instead, he stood still for a moment and then sat on the ground in front of his house and told his son to sit next to him. "You are good! You hear me? You are good, you are!"

Okolo felt as if his father was going to cry. He didn't understand. "You cannot go to school," his father cried out, standing up. "never! Now go to your mother."

OKOLO obeyed. His mother gave him supper, but she did not speak. She had heard her husband's cry and she was worried. While Okolo slept that night, Onuora spoke to the older men of the village, and together they decided to talk with their chief.

The next morning, while Okolo was sweeping the ground in front of his mother's house, Onuora called to him. He seemed calmer than the evening before. "Perhaps you will go to school. It will be decided soon," he said. "Yes," Okolo answered, waiting for his father to continue. But Onuora said nothing, and Okolo went back to work.

Of all the forest sounds, Okolo loved the chatter of the monkeys as every day he went down to a



Okolo's village was completely surrounded by dense forest

stream in the near-by valley to fill his calabash gourd with water and bring it home.

One morning, a week after the trip to Ibagwa, Okolo was walking home from the stream, his calabash balanced on his head, when he saw his father coming along the path towards him.

Onuora was on his way to a near-by clearing where he had recently planted some yams. Seeing his son, he said, "You needn't



Okolo loved the chatter of the forest's monkeys

hurry, Okolo. Your mother has plenty of water at home. I made two trips earlier, to bring her some before the sun was up. Come with me so we can talk."

When they reached the yam clearing, Onuora asked Okolo if he still wanted to go to school.

"YES," he answered, "I do." "Good. It is possible you will go. But I must know first why you want to go."

"To learn English," Okolo answered. He had decided that if he knew English he could talk to everybody, and then he could find out what was at the other end of the road.

"Is it because the boys from Nsukka speak English that you want to learn it?"

"Yes."

"You want to be like those boys, then, don't you?" his father asked angrily.

Okolo did not know what to answer. He wanted to say yes, because the boys went to school, and yet he did not like them.

"I want to go to school," Okolo said, wondering why his father asked so many questions.

"If you go to school, and act like those boys, I'll beat you," Onuora shouted. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Okolo answered.

"When I went to Onitsha a few years ago, some men laughed at me, and called me a bushman. They were Ibo men like me, my brothers, but they laughed at me. The men thought I was stupid when I crossed the street without looking."

"I had never seen so many cars before. I was lost on my way to see my brother Chinua, and I saw these men talking together on the other side of the street. I wanted to ask them for help."

"Chinua had sent me his address on a piece of paper, but I couldn't read it. I ran quickly towards them, and suddenly a car almost hit me. When I reached the men, they were laughing. I didn't know why, so I showed them the paper and asked my way."

"They went on laughing, until one of them said, 'Look at the bushman who's lost.' Then they began to talk English to one another, turning their backs on me. I went away angry, and I've been angry ever since. If you learn English, will you be that way?"

"No," Okolo answered, beginning to understand his father better. "I won't."

"Good. Then take the water to your mother now. I'll tell you when we decide if you are going to school," Onuora said, starting to dig up his yams.

For a month Okolo heard nothing more from his father about school.

ON a second trip to the Ibagwa market, Okolo found out that a new school year always started in January. He did not understand what January meant, and so when he asked he learned about the months. He was told that it was then early December, and he worried all the way home because there was so little time left before classes would begin.

To be continued

© Peter Buckley, 1964

OKOLO, Boy of Nigeria, has been published in book form by Methuen & Co. Ltd., price 13s. 6d.



Helped by his friends, Nzekwu and Achebe, Okolo starts one of the morning fires

CN SPECIAL FEATURE

NEWS FROM THE ZOO

CENSUS TIME . . .

WARM HOME FOR SONJA

YOU would think a nice cold spell in February would be just the job for Polar Bears. But what these big beasts really like, it seems, is warmth.

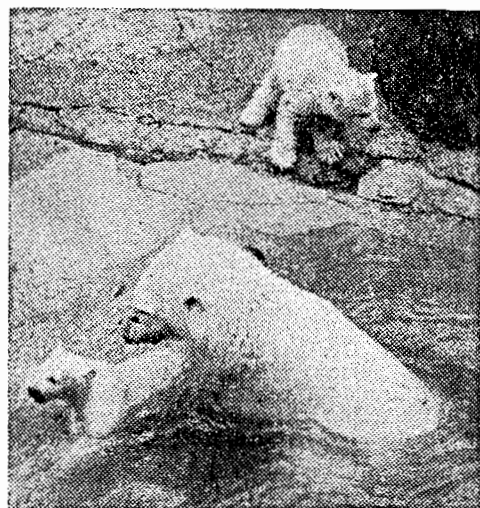
At Whipsnade just now the staff are very interested in two polar bear babies whose parents are Sonja and Nanook.

One of the things which puzzled zoologists for years was that, while plenty of these bears had

been born in captivity, the babies did not thrive but died. Then it was at last discovered that, in the wild Arctic, where they live, a polar bear mother always looked for a nice small cave some weeks before the youngsters were due.

She would go inside and wait until the falling snow had blocked up the entrance. In that way the cold air was kept out and the heat from mother's body raised the temperature of the cave to make it warm.

So Sonja has had a specially warmed den, kept in the dark, for having her babies, and they are doing well. But because of the darkness it was only recently that the keepers could tell how large a family she had produced.



A polar bear family at Whipsnade

PRESENT FROM MR. K.

There is some bear news from Regent's Park Zoo, too. Just before the New Year, Buster was born. His parents are the Syrian bears Winnie and Nikki—the latter named after Mr. Krushchev, who gave him, as a cub, to Princess Anne when he visited London nearly ten years ago.

Buster, who was born without hair and only seven inches long, now has a fine coat and is going on for three pounds in weight.

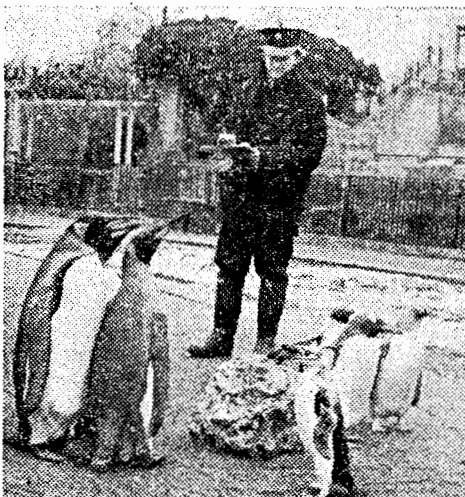
Syrian bears come from the mountains of Asia Minor.

CRANE WITH A GOLD CROWN

Another new arrival is Cresty, a Crowned Crane from West Africa. Cresty was found abandoned at about two weeks old and has been hand-reared on rice and biscuits. He is now three feet six inches from beak-tip to tail-tip, with a crown of gold feathers on a sort of black velvet cap—very smart, almost straight out of a Paris hat-box!



. . . AT THE REGENT'S PARK ZOO



Counting the residents at London's huge zoo can be quite a headache for the keepers, especially when several creatures decide that it is time to take a stroll! Waiting their turn at a recent census are (top) some elegant flamingos and (left), their "waistcoats" shining white, a group of haughty penguins.

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



ANIMALS AT PLAY

THERE are few more charming and amusing sights than young animals at play: a litter of fox or badger cubs, for example, which, with due care, can be watched quite easily in the right season; or lion and bear cubs, if one is lucky enough to be at a zoo when they are out and about.

Domestic pets and some farm animals also play what we would call "games," chasing each other, having mock fights, and sometimes playing with bits of stick, paper, rubber balls, and so on.

There is, however, some slight difference in the reasons for play

for most of their antics. It is—survival.

Predatory mammals must learn to hunt; they must practise stalking, or pouncing on, or locating prey. More peaceful creatures such as rabbits learn through play to move quickly, to get underground; hares to lie still, and so on.

If you watch a family of fox-

cubs regularly during their early months, you will soon spot that the vixen will appear as if she is just joining in a game. In reality, step by step she is teaching the cubs how to move stealthily, how to make a sudden dab with the fore-paws—perhaps at a moving leaf or feather. This will develop before long into sterner stuff, when these actions may mean the capture of a mouse.

It is very interesting to consider the types of animals that do spend part of their time in play. There are some grounds for thinking that among mammals the really humbler ones do not go in for games. I have kept many kinds of rodents as pets, and I have noticed that with mice and voles, for instance, there is little that one could truly describe as play. Squirrels, however, which are further up the scale, certainly have forms of play when young.

In the bird world, play seems to have no real place in the lives of most species, though there is one notable exception to this. Anyone who has owned a single

budgerigar will know how playful these attractive birds become once they are tame. The variety of toys they will use shows this. Bells, little tumbling figures, celluloid balls—all these become prized objects. I know of one budgie that spends hours arranging his toys—always keeping them in the same positions. At night he will not go to roost until they are all lined up to his satisfaction.

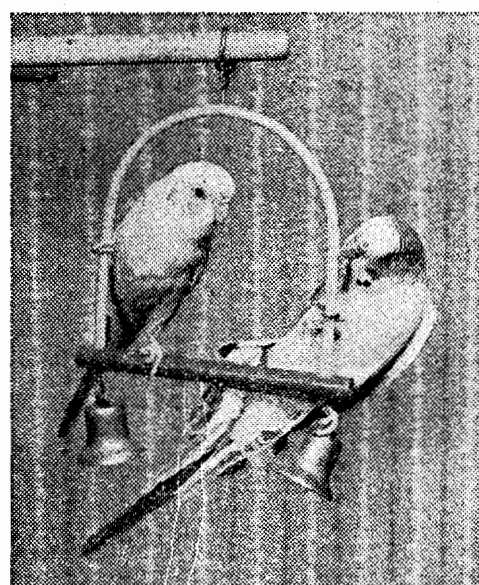
This love of toys appears to me to be nearer to true play—with no more serious object than what we would term "fun"—than is found in any other animal.

Snakes, lizards, frogs, and toads do not go in for games of any kind, and neither do fish; but those wonderful marine mammals, porpoises and dolphins, certainly do.

When you get the chance, watch any animal which does enjoy play, and see if you can discover the object of it. You will find this a fascinating form of observation.

GREENHOUSE BEES

CANADIAN plantbreeders are putting bees to work in their research greenhouses in Saskatchewan. The bees are pollinating groups of wild and sweet varieties of clover and as labour-savers they are proving most effective, replacing the necessity for technicians to transfer the pollen by hand.



Bells and other objects hold great attraction for tame budgerigars

John Markham

by
Maxwell Knight

in animals and human beings. All such behaviour has a purpose, whether those taking part are boys and girls, or kittens, or puppies or young foxes.

The main purpose or value of play is to give exercise to muscles and brain alike; but whereas, with us, the movements and the use of eyes and ears, are obviously helpful later on in life, we do not depend upon play for our existence. In young wild animals there is a serious and vital reason

SUNDAY MIRROR

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART 1965

Children's pictures, sculpture, and craft-work

Entries are invited for the eighteenth annual exhibition to be held in London in September.

All children aged 17 years and under may enter.

For full details of entry and awards send stamped, addressed envelope to:

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART, (LEAFLET A),

Sunday Mirror, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1.

Closing date for entries: **5th MARCH, 1965**

Advisory Committee:

Sir Herbert Read, Mr. Alan Davie, Mr. Jack Firth, Mr. Tom Hudson, Mr. Victor Passmore, Mr. Frank Tuckett.



SEE WHY No. 5 BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC—1965

WHY?

A big new Atlantic liner is to be built on the Clyde for launching in 1968. Why, in the jet age, do we need another "ocean greyhound"? Why sail when we can fly?



IN John Brown's famous shipyard on the Clyde they call her 736—the new job in the same berth where *Queen Mary* and her sister ship *Queen Elizabeth* were built in 1934 and 1938.

These vessels were known as Q.1 and Q.2. A scheme to build Q.3 three years ago came to nothing. So the latest ship, whose keel will be laid this summer, will be known as Q.4. (Q means Queen.)

Although 736 (or Q.4) will almost certainly be used for the very profitable business of winter cruising, most likely from New York, it is mainly for the Atlantic run, to catch the summer visitors from America to Britain and Europe, that she is being built.

You may wonder why anyone who wants to cross the stormy Atlantic nowadays should go by ship and take four to five days or more over it when the journey can be done by jet in seven hours.

The answer is that there is a special attraction about a few days' life

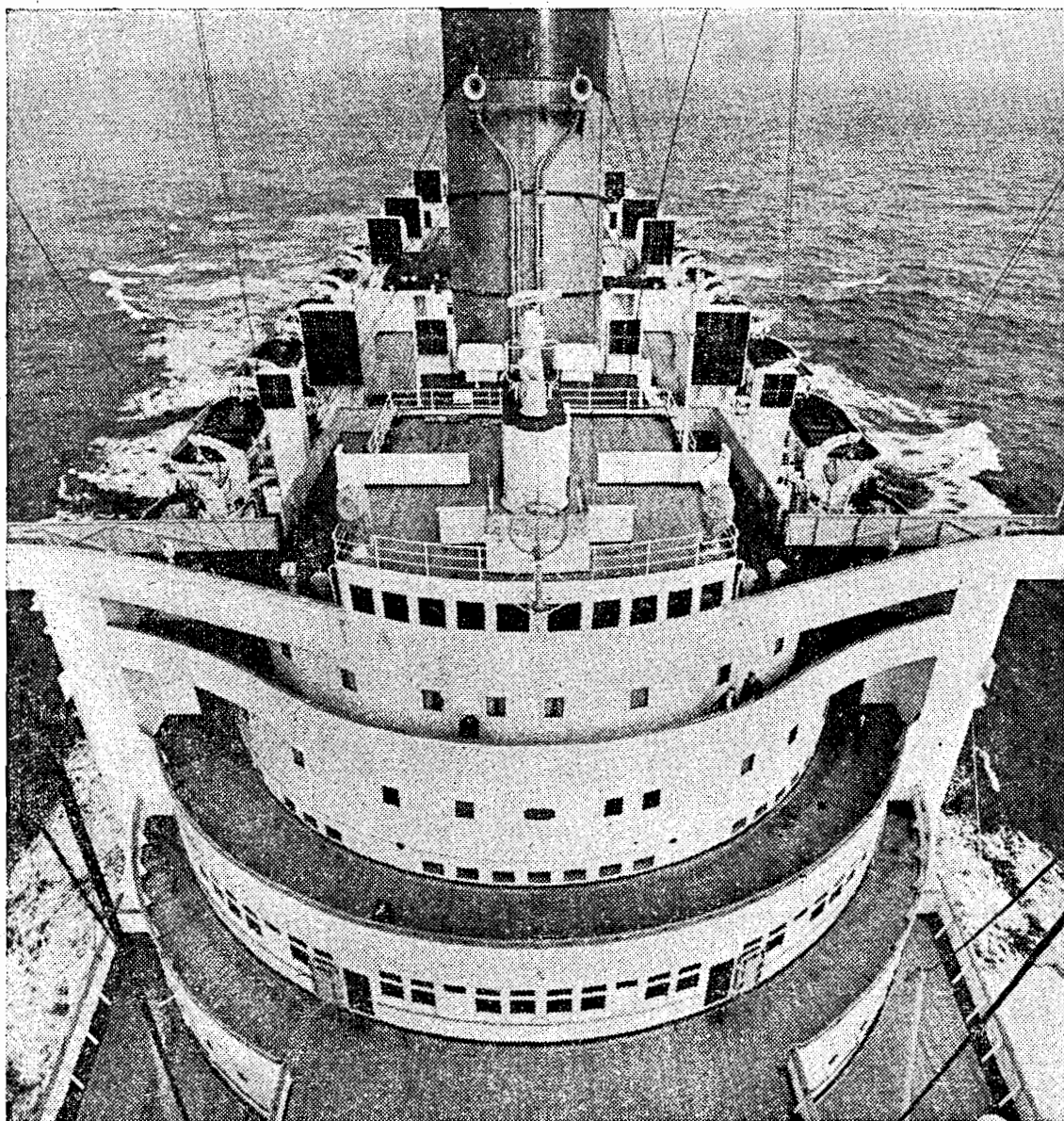
on a luxury liner in mid-ocean, away from all your troubles and worries. Business people who have to fly a lot often prefer to cross the Atlantic one way by air and the other by sea.

The Q.4 will be a three-class ship of 58,000 tons, built to carry 2,000 passengers and 1,000 crew. She will be about 960 feet long, 104 feet in beam, and will draw 31 feet. Her service speed is to be 28½ knots (about 35 m.p.h.).

She will have to meet keen competition. The French liner *France* can do the journey in 4½ days, while the one American liner left on this run, the *United States*, holds the record for the eastward crossing—3½ days. And this year the Italians are putting two new luxury liners into service.

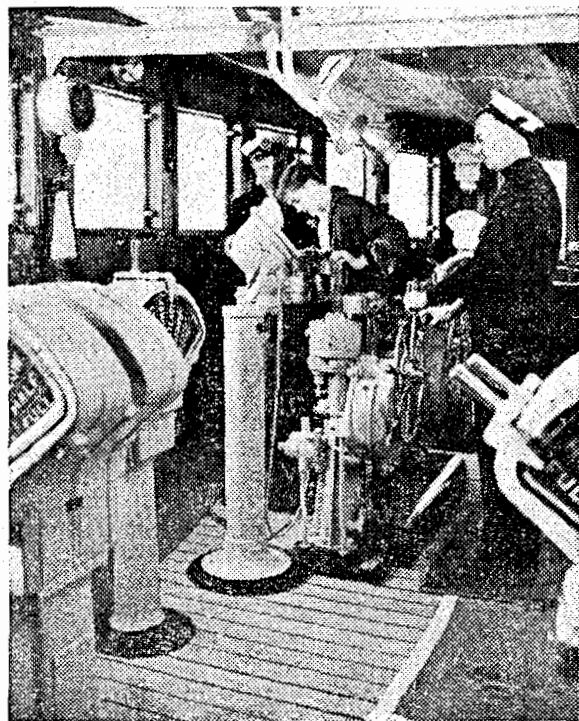
So good luck to the Q.4, whatever they name her!

Pictured above in New York is the *Queen Mary*—take a trip aboard her! See next page

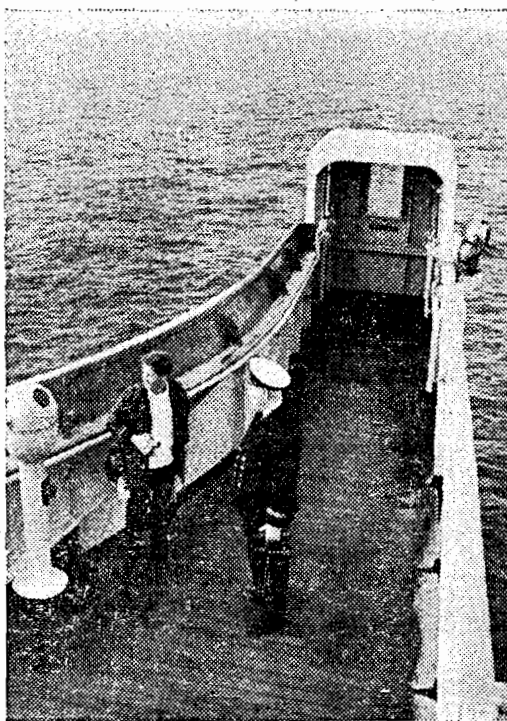


To get to the 'crow's nest,' Mr. Hicks and I were given permission to scale the 100-rung ladder inside the hollow mast to obtain this picture of the bridge and forward funnel, 70 feet in height and so vast that three modern locomotives, placed abreast, could pass through it. Each of the two sirens weighs a ton and can be heard at a distance of ten miles. From the keel to the top of the funnel the height is 18 feet greater than that of Niagara Falls. To the right of the picture Michael Johnston stands on deck with an officer at the start of his exciting tour of the great liner, which in all took two days.

Here Senior 1st Officer D. P. Johnstone explains the marvels of the bridge. At the helm is Quartermaster W. Letissier. The ship is steered by the most modern type of gyro-compass. Three radar units, one with a range of fifty miles, another of ten miles' range and another for aircraft detection are installed.



Out on the starboard wing of the bridge with Senior 3rd Officer F. H. Sergeant. It was here that Michael brought his own camera into play to obtain a fine bow shot as the great liner made her stately way through calm seas off the African coast near the end of the voyage out.



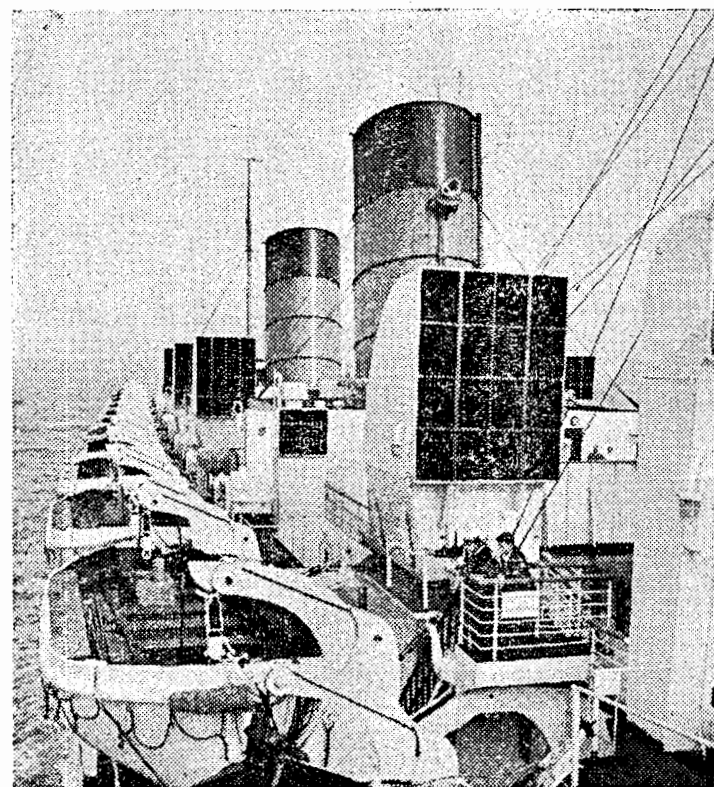
"THE QUE

THIS is a story in pictures about 14-year-old Michael Johnston from Epsom Downs, Surrey, who last December made his first trip to sea on board the second largest liner in the world, the Cunard Royal Mail Steamer QUEEN MARY—81,237 tons.

To give you some idea of the Queen Mary's size, she is equivalent to three 1,000-bedroomed hotels rolled into one. She can accommodate 1,970 passengers and 1,282 officers and crew. So that you

too may learn British ship, construction, are given with photographer as we journey the Canary Isl

By special E. A. Divers allowed to vis bounds to pass a boy been : Michael and I



Beneath one of the giant ventilators, Deck Boy E. Coker discloses to Michael that for him too this is his first trip to sea. Note the great six-foot-siren on the middle funnel. Keyed to lower bass "A," it is said that the reverberations from its growling can be detected 50 to 100 miles away, yet it is so carefully attuned that the passengers on board the ship are not disturbed.

Mouth-watering cakes and pastries made in the confectioner's shop are here being decorated by Student Chef Colin Shields. Many of the confections prepared here under the direction of the ship's famous Chef Mr. T. Lewis have been exhibited throughout the world. A sugar model of the Houses of Parliament was shown in New York.



6th February, 1965

EN " AND I

By Travel Broadcaster
BOB DANVERS-WALKER

something about this great many details about her and relevant comparisons, the photographs, which Barry Hicks took for me, led from Southampton to lands off the coast of Africa. permission from Captain CBE, RD, Michael was it parts of the ship out-of- engers. Never before has so privileged, and both are most grateful to him.

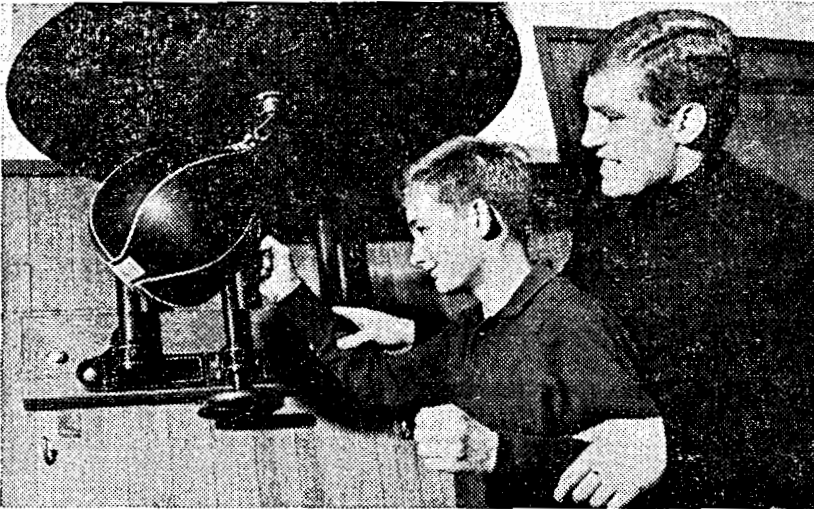
Furthermore, Michael, being a keen photographer, took a few snapshots of his own.

During our six days on the voyage Barry Hicks and I made a pictorial diary of some of the exciting things he saw and did on the Queen Mary and on the day he spent at Las Palmas on the island of Gran Canaria. Can you imagine what he had to tell his school mates at Frensham Heights School in Farnham, Surrey, when term time started again?

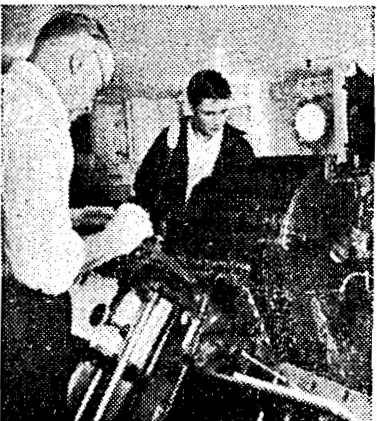


This is the radio room. At the morse key of the Short Wave Section is 2nd Radio Officer John McCarthy. Operated by the International Marine Radio Co., telephone calls may easily be made by passengers to any part of the world. Even though they are at sea all they need do to make a call is merely pick up one of 600 bedside telephones and ask for the number they want.

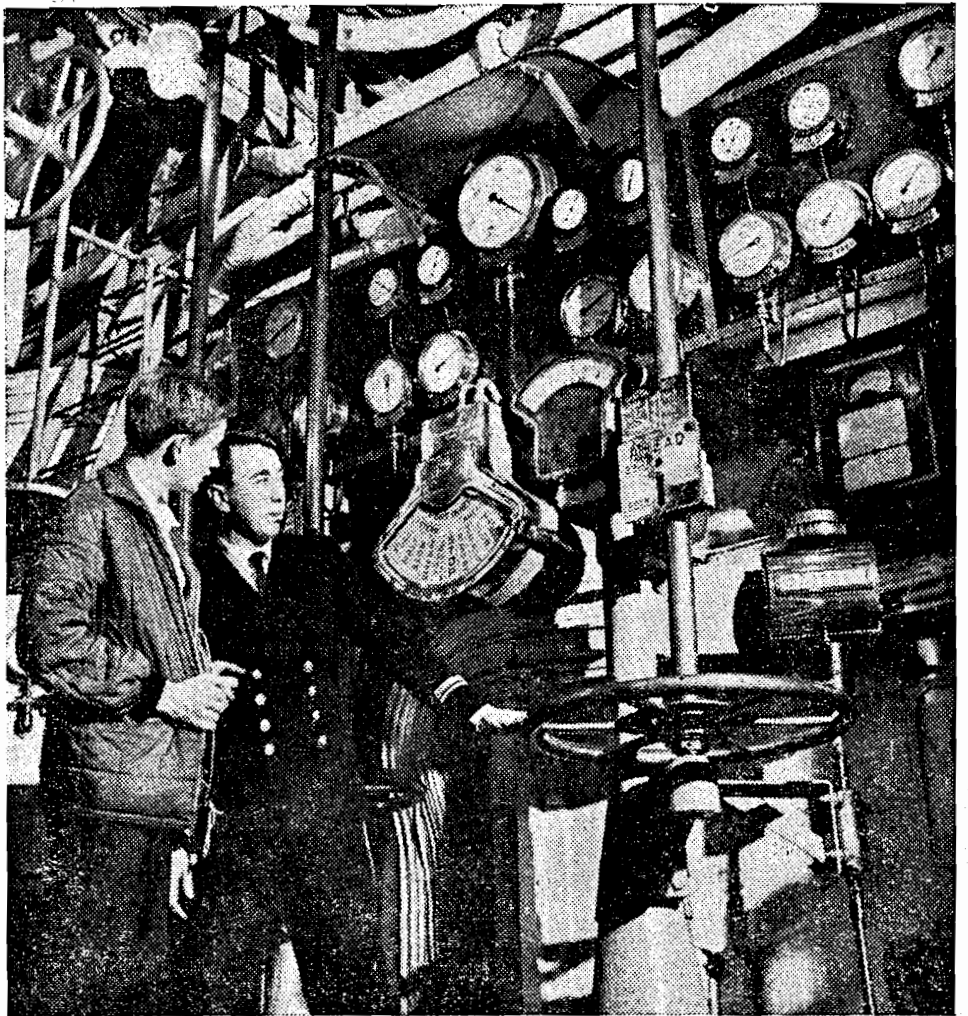
Champion heavyweight boxer Billy Walker, who was himself a passenger, obligingly breaks off from a work-out in the well-equipped gymnasium to give Michael a few really expert tips on how to deliver a knock-out punch.



One of the busiest departments on board is the printing office. Here Michael learns that every morning when at sea, a copy of the "Ocean Times" is delivered to each cabin.

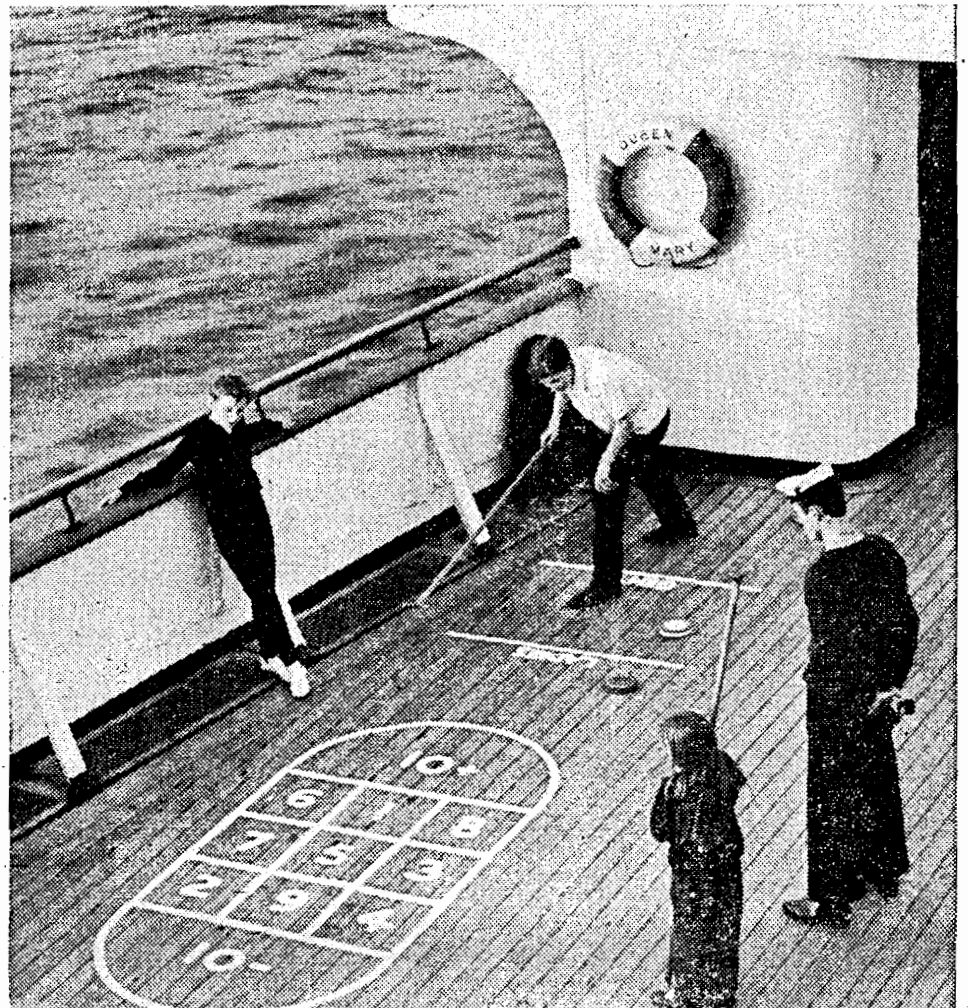


Latest releases of feature films are shown every day at morning, afternoon and evening performances. Below, Projectionist Robert Young is explaining operating techniques.



The Manoeuvring Platform in the aft engine room. At this stage of the tour we had penetrated deep into the ship's interior to over 30 feet below the waterline. In all there are twelve decks. One other interesting detail was given us; huge generators deliver electrical energy on a scale equal to the needs of a city of 150,000 people.

On the after sports deck—a game of shuffleboard, with Chief Quartermaster Colin Shiels looking on as two other young contestants get ready to match their skill. Michael has just launched his 'disc' with the 'shovel' at the other scoring grid some ten yards down the deck and out of sight of the camera which took this photograph.





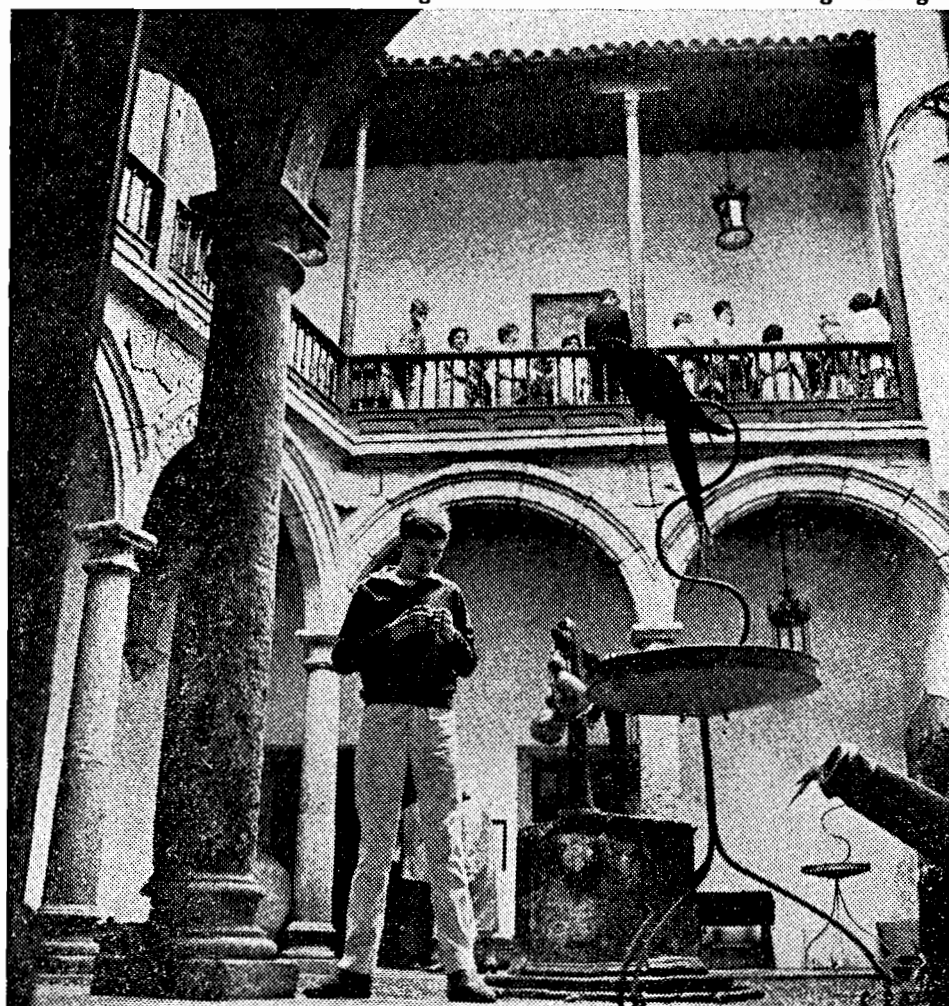
"THE QUEEN" AND I

Continued from previous page

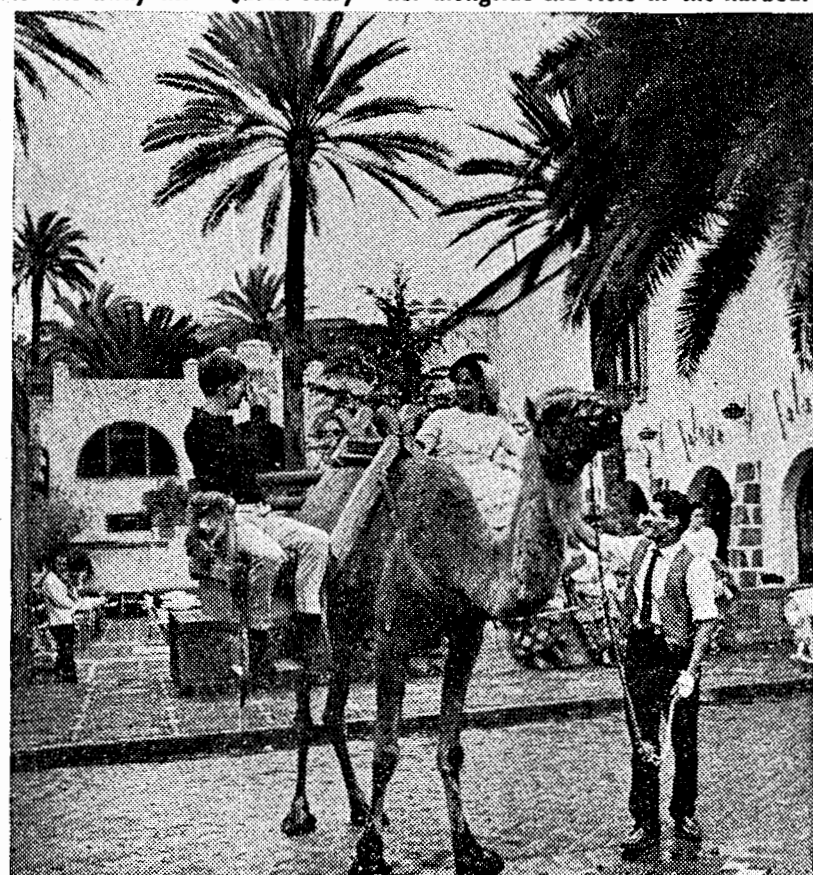
Michael arrives in Las Palmas, where Christopher Columbus once lived . . .



On arrival in Las Palmas, the largest city in the Canary Islands, Michael has eight hours ashore with the friendly help of the local travel agent to escort him on a wonderful sight-seeing tour. A mile away the "Queen Mary" lies alongside the Mole in the harbour.

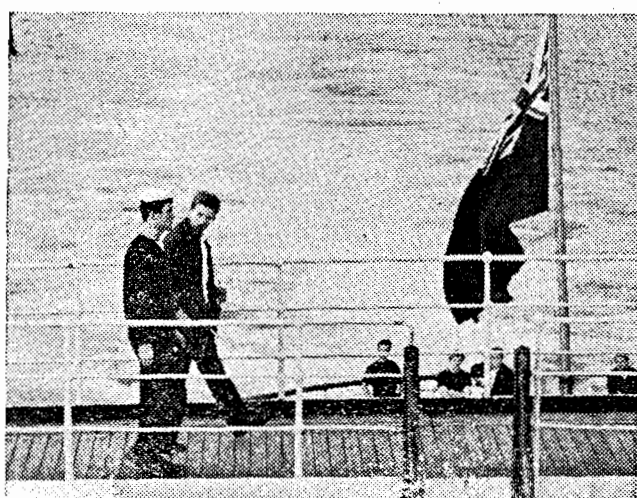


This is Columbus's House, a one-time residence of early Governors of Grand Canary, and now a fascinating Museum containing many treasured relics of the great explorer. In the patio Michael stands beside a well from which the Admiral obtained water in 1502, when he lived here prior to his last voyage. On a perch is a vivid-hued macaw.



In the Pueblo Canario, or Canary Village, Michael takes a camel ride with one of the folk-costumed girls who sell souvenirs to tourists. Although there are many canaries in Las Palmas, the island's name is said to come from the Latin, *canis*, a dog, because of the savage dogs once found there.

Across the Atlantic and England-bound, having landed on the cluster of islands sometimes called the Fortunate Isles. During the six-day cruise, Michael Johnston has set foot on an island archipelago which legend says is all that remains of the Lost Continent of Atlantis.



A creaming wake streams astern as Michael walks the Docking Bridge with Able Seaman Reginald de la Pole. The remaining two days on the way back to Southampton are full of interest too.



POP SPOT

New to the Charts:
an all-Irish group
full of Beat, bounce
and blarney... **THEM**



WHERE beat groups are concerned, we have had This - and - That, These - and - Those — and now it is **THEM**! In two weeks, these five Belfast-born boys climbed into the Charts with their first disc—*Baby Please Don't Go*.

Leader and Lead Guitarist, Billy Harrison, had previously formed a group with Bass Guitarist Alan Henderson and Drummer Ronnie Milling. Six months ago they were joined by vocalist Van Morrison, and, only six weeks ago, Pat McAuley, who plays the organ, became the fifth group member.

Either solo or in groups, the boys have been entertaining for some time past, but *Baby Please Don't Go* is their first collective disc.

Four of them say that fishing is their hobby, while Van is a stamp collector. Billy likes lazing around and hates bad weather. Alan loves spending and cannot stand cracked mirrors. Patrick likes travel and dislikes snobbish people. Ronnie likes cars — while Van likes nothing better than a day at the beach. Hates getting his hair cut.

SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

YOUNGEST MATCHBOX-LABEL COLLECTOR

A PHILLUMENIST, as I imagine most of you know, is a collector of matchbox labels, and one of the youngest phillumenists in the country is five-year-old Alison Blewitt of 48 Station Road, Barnsley, Yorkshire. She is also a member of the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society.

Alison's mother has written to tell me how her daughter started this fascinating hobby:

"Alison first became interested because her father has a collection of many beautiful labels. When friends heard that Alison had started a collection of her own (after receiving an album and a

in exchange for one of hers!

With her father, Alison went to the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society Annual Exhibition in London, and was so keen that she asked to join and was accepted. She was then just four years old.

She especially likes labels with pictures of animals, or ones of special interest to a small girl, and has several 'Nurseryland' specimens depicting Nursery Rhyme characters and verse.

To put a price on her collection is rather difficult, although probably her most valuable specimens are among the animal group. Chiefly, phillumenists collect more for the pleasure they get from swapping labels with other collectors than for financial gain.

Perhaps interested readers might like to know a little more about this subject? The labels are soaked from the boxes, dried, pressed, and then mounted with stamp hinges on any suitably sized sheet of blank paper. They are classified by country (geographical) or according to the label theme (thematically).

The British Matchbox and Booklet Society has about 800 members throughout the world, and caters for all ages. In October it will be celebrating its coming-of-age with a special two-day London exhibition.

Alison, I know, would be delighted if any reader were to send her labels, for although her collection now numbers more than 1,000, she still has a long, long way to go before it will equal her father's."

SISTERS



"It's mainly to keep my hands busy while my mouth is working!"

THE BEST-LOVED DONKEY AT THE LONDON ZOO

GEORGE is one of Britain's best-known donkeys. He was a great favourite with the thousands of children who have ridden him during the past 20 years at the London Zoo.

Recently, George retired: He now lives at Lawford Hall, Manningtree, Essex—the home of Lady Nicholls—where he will have a more peaceful life. Instead of his small paddock, he has 40 acres in which to roam, with three hunters for companions.

When he arrived, he caused a bit of bother, because the horses had never seen a donkey before and didn't quite know what to make of him. Now they are on the friendliest of terms.

Mr. Double, the groom, also had his problems. Never having previously looked after a donkey, he found George had some very taking ways, especially when he caught him raiding the larder! Since then, George and Mr. Double have been taking a morning walk to

the kitchens where George goes inside to get his daily treat—a carrot.

"Now," says Mr. Double, "George no longer finds it necessary to raid the larder on his own, and has settled down well."

Vicky



George was always a great favourite with visitors to the London Zoo



Glancing at the walls, it appears this collector has run out of space for sticking labels.

few specimens) they often brought her labels home from their holidays. When Alison had duplicates, she would hold her father to ransom for the spare one, if he hadn't already got it. And she would ask for two of his

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serialPresenting another of the most famous
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Four

Romeo and Juliet

Because of a feud between the Montagues and the Capulets, two of the richest families in Verona, Romeo (a Montague) went to Lord Capulet's ball uninvited and masked. Only later did he discover that Juliet, the girl whom he had met and fallen in love with (and she with him) was a Capulet!

After the ball, Romeo returned by stealth to Lord Capulet's house, where he and Juliet declared their love and arranged to marry the next day in secret.

Juliet returned home after the wedding, while Romeo, feeling lonely, sought the company of two of his friends. While with them he became involved in a fight and was forced to kill Juliet's cousin, Tybalt. For this Romeo was sentenced to banishment from Verona.

1. The news of Tybalt's death was a shock to Juliet. At first she raged against Romeo for killing her cousin. Her rage then melted and turned to relief at the thought that Romeo was safe.

But when she heard that Romeo was to be banished from Verona, the news brought a fresh outburst of weeping. Her tears became a torrent at the prospect of being permanently separated from her handsome young husband.



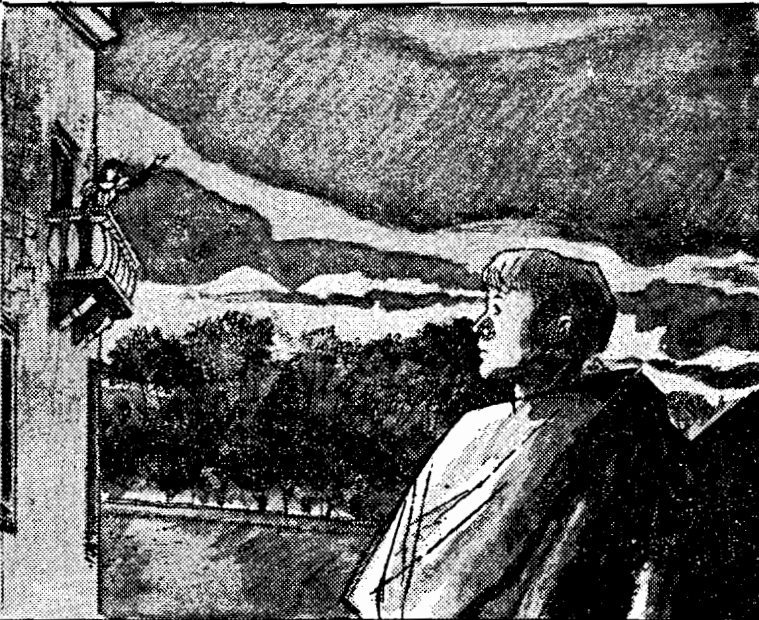
2. After the fight, Romeo had taken refuge with Friar Laurence. When he first heard his sentence, he raved like a madman, for, to Romeo, banishment seemed more terrible a punishment than death. To part from Juliet was unthinkable; Heaven was where she lived, and the idea of being forced to live without her was unbearable.

Eventually the Friar managed to calm the frantic young man, and told him that, when the opportunity presented itself, he would announce that Romeo and Juliet had been secretly married. This, he believed, would enable Romeo to return to Verona. Meanwhile, after going cautiously that night to say goodbye to Juliet, Romeo should leave for Mantua. The Friar promised he would write to Romeo there from time to time with news of Juliet.



3. Acting on the Friar's advice, Romeo later went to Lord Capulet's house to see Juliet. But tonight their happiness at seeing one another was overshadowed by the day's events and Romeo's imminent departure.

Dawn came all too soon. With a heavy heart, Romeo climbed down from Juliet's balcony with whispered words of love, and a promise that he would write to her every hour of every day! The misgivings they both felt made it doubly hard for Romeo to tear himself away. But for him to have been found within the walls of Verona after daybreak would have meant death.



4. A few days after her secret wedding to Romeo, Lord Capulet (not knowing of the marriage) chose Count Paris to be Juliet's future husband!



5. Utterly dismayed, Juliet pleaded every excuse for not marrying the Count. Unmoved by his daughter's pleas, Lord Capulet insisted on setting the wedding date.



6. Afraid, Juliet asked Friar Laurence for help. And he thought of a plan. It was a desperate plan, and she would need to trust him completely.

Juliet was to agree to marry the Count and pretend to be happy. On her wedding-eve, she was to drink the liquid he now gave her. It would make her appear dead for 42 hours!

Juliet would be taken to the family vault. But by then, the Friar said, he would have explained the plan to Romeo. When Juliet awoke, Romeo would be waiting beside her to take her with him.



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2. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
3. Name any country which has issued TRIANGULAR stamps?
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WORLD OF STAMPS

NEWS FROM THE NETHERLANDS

by C. W. Hill

SEVERAL interesting issues have appeared recently in the Netherlands, and in Surinam and the Antilles, the overseas parts of the Dutch kingdom.

Surinam is on the north coast of South America, adjoining British Guiana and Brazil. The Netherlands Antilles consist of six islands in the Caribbean Sea. These two overseas territories are linked to the Netherlands by the Statute of the Kingdom. This agreement, signed in December, 1954, gives Surinam and the Antilles internal self-government, with Queen Juliana of the Netherlands as head of each State.

To mark the tenth anniversary of the Statute of the Kingdom, the



three years ago by various countries with possessions in the Caribbean Sea. Representatives of the different colonies meet regularly to exchange ideas and discuss matters affecting their people, such as farming, trade, and inter-island transport services.

Among the members are many places whose names are familiar to stamp collectors. British Guiana and the Virgin Islands, the French territories of Martinique and Guadeloupe, as well as the Dutch possessions, are all plentifully represented in the stamp album as well as in the Caribbean Organisation.

The new stamp, pictured here, is a 20-cent value on which is a map of the Caribbean islands from Cuba



to the South American mainland.

In Surinam an attractive series of charity stamps is now on sale. The designs show children playing various games. The money raised by sales of the stamps will be given to societies doing charitable work among poor and invalid children.

Pictured below is the 8 plus 3 cents stamp, which shows children skipping. The inscription "Voor het Kind" means "For the Child."

Collectors may soon be coming across Dutch stamps which are imperforate either on one side or on two. These are not the result of an error in production but show that the stamps come from



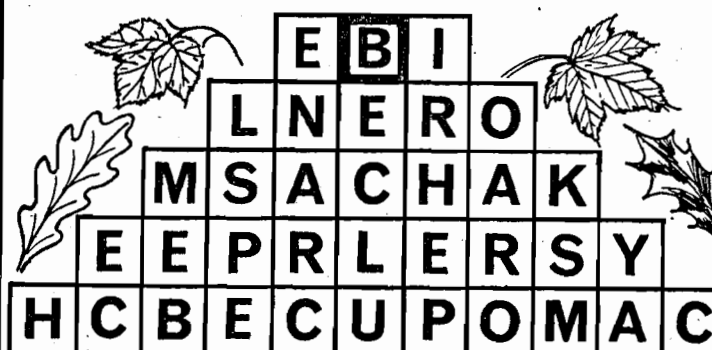
booklets recently placed on sale at Dutch post offices.

The values with the imperforate sides are 5-cents, 7-cents, and 15-cents. Because of the arrangement of the booklets, it will also be possible to find the 15-cents stamps with 5-cents or 7-cents stamps attached to them.

These joined pairs of different denominations are known to philatelists as *se tenant* pairs. The Dutch pairs are not rarities and in fact if the booklets prove popular and large numbers are sold, the *se tenant* stamps will be very common.

PICK A PUZZLE

SEVEN TREES FROM B



Begin at the letter B in the top line, and move through the squares in any direction to form the names of seven well-known trees.

WORD SQUARE

The answers to the four clues will, if written below each other, read the same down as across.

Drop down.
Absent.
Area of mown grass.
Furry, spotted member of the cat family.

WHERE...?

Where in the British Isles would you find the following?

Lake Coniston, Stonehenge, Beachy Head, Snaefell, The Needles.

ANALOGIES

Pork is to pig as is to deer

Stethoscope is to doctor as adze is to

Calcium carbonate is to chalk as sodium chloride is to

Cellist is to cello as is to flute

Peter Pan is to J. M. Barrie as Robinson Crusoe is to

Rome is to Italy as Budapest is to

JUMBLED BALLET

Re-arrange the letters in the words below to spell a well-known ballè by Tchaikovsky.

SNAKE LAW

JUST THREE MAKE FOUR

The same three letters inserted in place of the dots will form four complete words.

...d, ...ge, ...ley, ...n

Answers to puzzles are on page 16

C N fiction

LONE SEAL PUP

To free Ah-Leek from the weight of the polar bear which had fallen on top of him when shot by Andrew, the Eskimo boy had to cut the leash that had kept the seal-pup captive.

No sooner had he done so than Ah-Leek made for the sea. Miserably, Andrew stood and watched him swim away out of sight.

12. Ah-Leek is Happy Again!

ANDREW was worried about what he would say to his father and grandfather when they returned. He was sure that the young seal was really one of the few good spirits of the north. It had saved him from the angry walrus; with its barking it had led him and the rest of the hunting party to the beach where the killer whales were stranded. Finally, in a moment of the greatest danger of all, it had drawn the polar bear away from him.

Slowly the young Eskimo splashed back through the shallows to the beach. The dead polar bear lay there, a creamy mound on a sand-coloured beach. It was a wonderful prize, and everyone would be proud of him when they came up with the tents and the cooking-stove. Andrew felt as if he had suddenly grown to manhood.

Just for a moment his face brightened a little, then it clouded once more as he turned and looked out to sea again. He had not wanted to keep the seal pup as a pet. Eskimos do not have pets. The seal had been much more than that. He had seemed like a guardian angel. Now he

was gone. The sea had reclaimed him.

Ah-Leek was so bubbling over with joy when he felt the cold caress of the icy waters, that for half an hour he did not even remember that he was very hungry. He dived down to the sea bed, then shot up to the surface again. He stroked his tiny whiskers with his flippers and barked triumphantly.

Finally, as his hunger began to make itself felt, he swam seawards, diving constantly on the look-out for fish.

He came on a small school of tom-cod. They were like a platoon of soldiers, all at the same depth below the surface, and all facing the same way.

Their fins were moving placidly, and they were sucking in plankton, those tiny little atoms of life which provide food even for the greatest sea creatures, the whales. It was a wonderfully easy way of life at this time of the year, and the tom-cod were plump.

YET they must have seen the dark shadow coming towards them, for, as Ah-Leek dived, the school of tom-cod suddenly scattered. Like specks of dust wafted away by a sudden gust of wind, the school broke up.

They were very quick, darting here and there, up and down; but they were not quick enough.

Ah-Leek had hunger to drive him on, and at last he caught a plump tom-cod. He shot upwards with the fish in his jaws, and when he broke surface he tossed the fish neatly upwards, caught it by the head, and in a few swift gulps had swallowed his prize.

It was the first part of a much-needed meal.

When he had eaten his fill, he swam to an ice-pan a mile out to sea. It was one of many scattered over the sunlit waters. Ah-Leek clambered on it and lay basking in the sunshine. He slept in short naps, waking often and raising himself on his fore flippers to make sure no enemy was coming near.

He was young, but he had already learned that, just as he lived off fish, so there were other creatures which lived off seals. In these icy waters the careless died young. Only those who kept eyes and ears open lived to be fully grown.

When he had rested sufficiently, Ah-Leek slid quietly into the water again. He did not feel lonely, and was no longer afraid. Yet there was something urging him to swim westwards, and he answered the call throughout the next four days, stopping only occasionally to fish and rest.

Then, on the fifth day, an amazing thing happened.

AS he swam towards an ice-pan, he realised there was something on it; and there was a new

sound in the air. It was a long time in his life since he had heard such a sound—it was the excited, thrilling barking of young seals.

The dark shapes on the ice-floe were seal pups.

Like him, they were growing up very quickly. Their fuzzy white baby fur was gone, or almost gone. They had ceased their terrible wailing calls for their mothers. Now they were enjoying life.

Ah-Leek became so excited that he went through the water like a miniature torpedo, his flippers working quickly and smoothly. There were young seals everywhere; the water seemed to boil

by **ARTHUR CATHERALL**

with them. In addition, the ice-floes all had their dark patches, showing where youngsters were basking contentedly in the sunshine.

About 100 of the more daring had already found their way to the shore and were basking among the rocks, or sliding excitedly about, exploring the new land like children on a picnic.

Why they had come here, none of them knew. It was one of the mysteries of life. They had all been deserted by their mothers, just as Ah-Leek had been deserted. They had all cried themselves to sleep night after night, hoping their mothers would return.

Then, as if some mysterious signal had been given, they had come together in groups. Small groups had joined other groups, until they had become a mighty herd of young seals.

Like the others, Ah-Leek was not worrying about the reason why he had swum westwards alone. Something had made him follow the same track through the sea that countless thousands of young seals had taken through countless years. He was happier now than he had been since the day his mother deserted him.

Scrambling on to an ice-floe, he stuck his nose against another seal and both twitched their whiskers in delight. Every young seal seemed ready to play, and ready to welcome any other seal. Ah-Leek barked and barked, adding his voice to the song of joy which was filling the air.

AFTER half an hour's rest on the wet ice of a small floe, he slipped into the sea and joined a group of seal pups who were making the water white with the foam they were kicking up. They played like children who have just come out of school.

In a few short weeks the summer would be over. The days would grow very short, and savage winds from the North Pole would bring back the ice. It would swing the floes towards the land. Ice-stars would appear on the water, and in the darkening nights the Northern Lights would flame like pink, green and electric-blue fire across the sky. They were the heralds of the storms which began the winter.

By that time the seals would have swum away. No-one would tell them to go. None of them would know why they went; but they would swim away. Then, when winter locked the seas with thick ice, they would be scattered, each one with its own breathing-hole in the ice.

They would all be stronger, wiser and more able to take care of themselves. For the time being, however, Ah-Leek was one of a multitude of happy children. This was the playground of the children of the ice, and, though he was almost a week late in arriving, there was no-one to punish him for not being on time.

Barking his joy, he plunged into the midst of a group, and the play went on until suddenly one dived below and came up with a fingerling salmon.

THAT was a signal for all to dive and look for food. It was lunch-time for the seal pups!

THE END

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LONE SEAL PUP has been published in book form by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., price 12s. 6d.

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Barking with joy, Ah-Leek plunged in among the twisting, diving seals

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BOOKING AHEAD

Games Masters and others interested in schools' football events might like to know where to apply for tickets:

RUGBY

England v Wales (15 Group), at Twickenham, 3 p.m. Wednesday, 24th March. For London and Home Counties: Mr. O. Ford, 109 Cleave Road, Gillingham, Kent. For all other schools or



Emblem of the English Schools' Rugby Football Union

Schools' Rugby Unions in England and Wales: Mr. S. E. Langston, 57 Heathville Road, Gloucester (Tel. Gloucester 20439).

Tickets will also be on sale at the Agents of the Rugby Football Union: Messrs. Alfred Hayes Ltd., 26 Old Bond Street, London W.1.

SOCCER

England v Eire, Northampton Football Club ground, 3 p.m., Saturday, 20th March. Mr. L. Oxley, 72 Bush Hill, Northampton (Northampton 32431—school).

England v Scotland, Wembley, 3 p.m., Saturday, 3rd April. Mr. R. Charlton, OBE, 64 Winchester Road, Andover, Hants (Andover 2677—home; 2626—school).

England v Scotland, Goodison Park, Liverpool, 7.30 p.m., Monday 5th April. Mr. D. McKay, 24 Corbridge Road, Liverpool 16 (Childwall 1521—home; Stanley 1740—school).

England v Wales, Sheffield Wednesday ground, 7.30 p.m., Thursday, 22nd April. Mr. J. Watkin, 32 Greenwood Road, Sheffield 9 (Sheffield 40236—home; 49588—school).

Wales v Scotland, Merthyr Tydfil, 3 p.m. Saturday, 24th April. Mr. T. I. Evans, 24 Jowett Avenue, Merthyr Tydfil (Ynysowen 339—school).

Wales v England, Cardiff City ground, 3 p.m. 8th May. Mr. A. C. Reed, 71 Canada Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff (Cardiff 23719—home; 25430—school).

RUGBY ROAD TO WEMBLEY

THE first round proper of the Rugby League Cup is to be played on Saturday, when 32 teams meet in the competition which will end in the final at Wembley Stadium in May.

The luck—or otherwise—of the draw has brought together the top clubs of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In this new "Battle of the Roses," St. Helens, pride of Lancashire, are at home to Castleford, who head the Yorkshire League table.

The St. Helens side has had a remarkable League run this season, winning 22 matches in a row until being beaten a couple of weeks ago by their near-neighbours, Warrington.

Repeating History

Castleford will be hoping that history will be repeated on Saturday. It was in the same round last season that the Yorkshire club went to St. Helens, to win there and go on to reach the semi-finals.

The League Cup-holders, Widnes, another Lancashire club, receive Workington, from Cumberland. Last season's defeated finalists, Hull Kingston Rovers also have a home game, and should have no difficulty in beating their fellow Yorkshiremen from Batley.

MEET GILLIAN THE BADMINTON CHAMPION

YOUNGEST winner of the Under-18 title in the All-England Junior Badminton Championships—that is the latest honour in a long run of successes by 14-year-old Gillian Perrin, of Banstead, Surrey. In the same championships Gillian also took



Gillian Perrin

the Under-15 title, for the third year in succession.

Although Gillian has been playing badminton for six years, it is not her only sport. She plays in the hockey, netball, rounders, and tennis teams of her school, the Nonsuch County at Cheam, Surrey.



The Rugby League Cup

CRICKET COUNTY TO GO ON TOUR

THE cricket season is still some months away, yet Worcestershire, County champions, have been busy at the nets—preparing for a six-weeks' tour in Africa and Asia.

The county side's first match of the tour will be in Nairobi, against Kenya in a three-day match which begins on 13th February. Two days after this match ends, the tourists will leave for Rhodesia.

The last game in Africa will be against Zambia (formerly Northern Rhodesia). Worcestershire will then move on to India, Pakistan, Singapore, and Hong Kong. On the way home there will also be a one-day game in Los Angeles, in the United States.

Match-fit

This exciting tour should help the champions become fully match-fit when they open the 1965 innings against the New Zealanders at Worcestershire on 5th May. And by the time 22nd May comes along, the side should be in excellent form—as they will need to be.

On that day will be played the second round of the Gillette Cup—and the champions take on the cupholders, Sussex, in a game which should draw a great crowd. In the first year of the competition, 1963, Sussex defeated Worcestershire in the final.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE

Sportsbag

A THOUSAND and more years ago, Scotland was being subjected to invasion by Viking hordes. A thousand years of peace—and the Vikings are back in Scotland again.

There is a vast difference, of course. The Vikings of old came by the boat-load—uninvited; those of today come in singles—by special request. As some of you may have guessed, I am referring to the influx this season of soccer players from Scandinavia.

Upwards of a dozen are now with Scottish clubs. Latest to arrive is Lennart Wing, from Gothenburg, Sweden; he becomes the fourth player from Scandinavia to join Dundee United. Capped 30 times for his country, Lennart joins Orjan Persson, Swedish international left-winger, also from Gothenburg; Finn Dossing, centre-forward from the Danish club, Viborg; and Mogens Berg, international inside forward from the B1909 club of Odense, Denmark.

Aberdeen, Hearts, Morton and even the mighty Rangers, are other clubs which have signed players from Scandinavia.

How strange it is that Scotland, the country which produces such great footballers, has to turn to importing players from outside the United Kingdom! Could it be to counteract the effect on gates of the transfer of players like Pat Crerand, Alan Gilzean, Ian Ure, to mention but a few.

Incidentally, Gilzean was formerly with Dundee United.

I personally hope that the Continental method of building a team—by buying players from any country—will not become part of the soccer set-up in the United Kingdom. I think enough confusion must have been caused when Cardiff City's Scottish centre-forward scored the goal which took the English FA Cup to Wales in 1927!

The Sports Editor

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(P. 4): CN Chess Club: 1 QxP ch! NxQ; 2 BxN mate. (P. 14): Seven Trees From B: Birch; oak; sycamore; plane; elm; spruce; beech. Word Square: shire; Wiltshire; F A L L Sussex; Isle of Man; A W A Y Isle of Wight. Analogs: L A W N Venison; car-penter; salt; flautist; L Y N X Daniel Defoe; Hungary. Jumbled Ballet: Swan Lake. Just Three Make Four: Bar.



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Thief

These men once roamed from place to place, mending kettles and pans. Youth hostellers also travel around the countryside, but for pleasure, not work.

Many youth hostels used to serve other purposes. Croscombe, in Somerset, was built as a weaving factory 350 years ago.

At Pendennis Castle in Cornwall, hostellers sleep in the former army barracks.

Port Eynon on the South Wales coast is an old lifeboat house

In the 14th century there were two buildings on the site of Doddington hostel, Kent. One provided shelter for rich pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, the other for poor pilgrims. At the present hostel, all travellers are given the same friendly welcome.

St Briavels Castle was once a debtors' jail. From a beam in the roof, men were hanged for deer stealing and other crimes. Now a hostel, the castle houses happy holiday-makers.

Join the Y.H.A. and visit some of the 275 youth hostels in England and Wales. The coupon will bring you details.

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